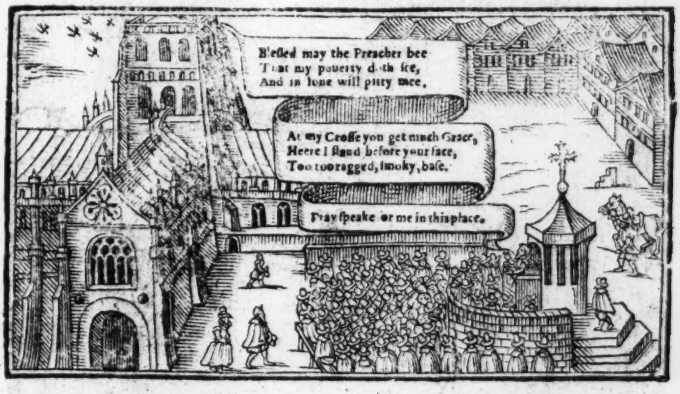
THE COMPLAINT OF PAVLES, TO ALL CHRISTIAN SOVLES:

OR,

An humble Supplication,
To our good King and Nation,
For Her new Reparation.

Written by HENRY FARLEY.

Amore, Veritate, & Reuerentia.



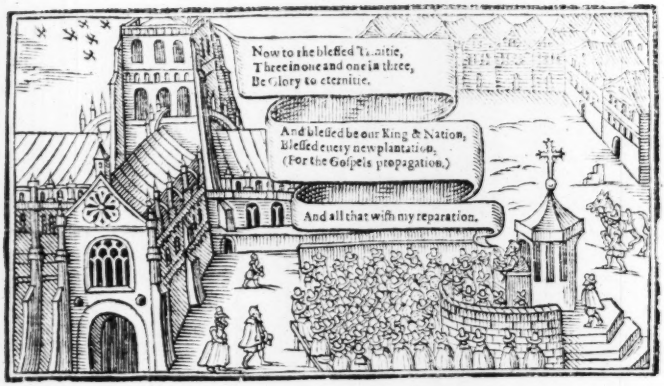
London printed for *Laurence L'isle*, and are to bee sold at his shop in *Pauls* Church-yard at the *Turkes-head*. 1616.

[D-L-] (XVII) Bc [Farley]

£3.50

K. James "having been frequently solicited
"by one Master Henry Farley, for the
"space of eight years before (who though
"a private man, was so extremely a
"zealous to promote the work, that he
"ceased not by sundry petitions to
"importune that King thereto, & his
"princely heart with such compassion
"to this decayed fabrick, that for
"prevention," &c.

Dugdale's Hist. of S. Paul's. p. 101
ed. 1818.


Now to the bleſſed Trinitie,
Three in one and one in three,
Be Glory to eternitie.
And bleſſed be our King & Nation,
Bleſſed euery new plantation,
(For the Goſpels propagation.)
And all that with my reparation.

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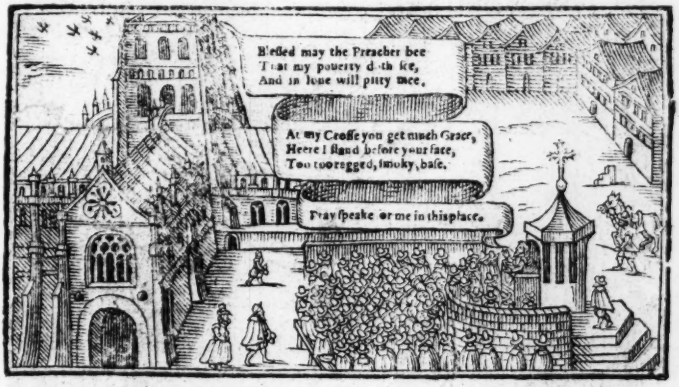
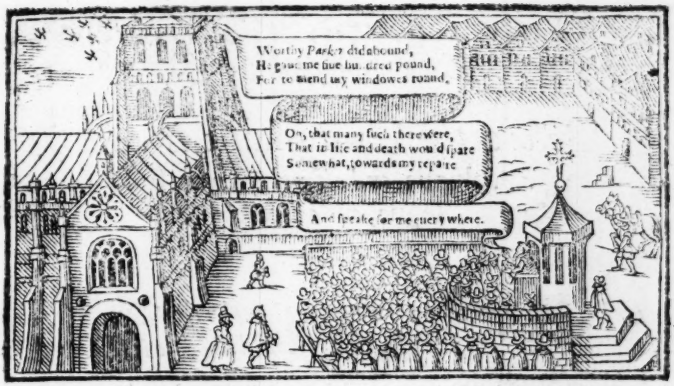


London printed for *Laurence L'isle*, and are to bee sold at his shop in *Pauls* Church-yard at the *Turkes-head*. 1616.

The Booke to the *Reader.*

If you will iudge me (my good friend)
Firſt read me thorough to the end,
If all be well, you may commend me,
If ought amiſſe, I pray amend me.

For euery one ſhould gladly do
The ſame he would be done vnto.



I Poore *Paules* deiected and diſtreſſed, yet (being in the beſt proſpect, and taller then all my fellowes) do ſee, or at leaſt may ſee (if my windowes be eies) many ſtately monuments, houſes, and other things builded and done within theſe few yeeres, ſome for Honour, ſome for profit, ſome for beautie, ſome for pleaſure, ſome for health and recreation, ſome for Royall entertainments and ſports, and manie for charitable vſes;

And I haue ſeene the Globe burnt, and quickly made a Phœnix.

Q. But who ſees me? *A.* Who ſees thee not?

Tunc etiam ſpero,

And hope will ſtill, though ſtill I haue the worſt;

Before the Complaint *is added*
a Prologue, *and after the ſame an* Epilogue, *and a* Dreame.

1. *The* Prologue *is a charge giuen by the* Church *to this* Booke; *namely, that it ſhould diſperſe it ſelfe to the* Court, Cleargie, Cities *and* Countries, *to ſearch and finde out all ſuch as are* Royally, Graciouſly, Honorably, Religiouſly, Vertuouſly, Charitably *and* Bountifully *minded towards the repaire thereof, To the end (that* Their *lights ſhining in ſuch a* glorious worke of Piety) *may thereby illuminate and enflame the hearts of all others, to be willing* Benefactors, Contributors *and* Coadiutors *to the ſame.*

2. *The* Epilogue *diſcouereth a* Iew-rie *of Knights of the Poſt; that in this, and in all other* Pious Deſignes, *will euer ſweare to the contrary.*

3. *The* Dreame *is a* Viſion *which the* Author *ſaw in his ſleepe, ſhewing the manner and faſhion, how (as he thought) the ſayd Church and ſteeple were beautified and repaired.*

THE

THE PROLOGVE.

And firſt to the Court.

FLIE little Booke, from Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
From North to South, or where thou likeſt beſt,
Search *Brittaine* out, in all *Her* better parts,
Amongſt the *Nobleſt*, and the *Worthieſt* hearts.
But firſt (as dutie bindeth) take thy wing,
And flie to *Faiths Defender*, IAMES *my King*;
Beſeech *His Highneſſe*, (by all meanes that bee)
That (as *S. Albons*) He would pittie mee,
And ſo to order, by *His* Great command,
That I may be repaired out of hand;
Elſe I ſhall weare away, and cracke, and fall,
To my great ſorrow, and my louers all.
OH tell *His Maieſtie* in humble ſort,
That thou art come vnto *His Royall Court*

To

To begge a Boon', that neuer beg'd before,
Which (if *Hee* graunt) thou neuer ſhalt begge more;
And be thou ſure before from *Him* thou part,
Thou get Compaſſion from *His Kingly Heart*;
Like as the woman was to *Chriſt*, ſo be
Importunate vnto his *Maieſtie*.
Doe not thou looke, like one, that will bee daunted,
But pray, and ſpeake, vntill my ſuite be graunted;
And ſay, Although I ragged am, and torne,
As if I were, to all the reſt a ſcorne;
Yet *Chriſtendome* thr'oughout can truely tell,
That I for *Name* and *Fame* doe beare the Bell;
And ner'theleſſe that I am call'd poore *Paules*,
I feed (*with th'choiceſt delicates*) more *Soules*,
Then any Three (the greateſt *Churches*) doe,
In *England*, and in all *Great Brittaine* too.

And when thou haſt thus labour'd *Him* a while,
Marke, if *His Gracious Countenance* doe ſmile:
For if it doe, be ſure *Hee* doth affect thee,
And with *His Royall fauour* will protect thee;
And by *His ſacred wiſedome*, will deuiſe
A ſpeedy way for my *Re-edifice*.

So

So I ſhall haue iuſt cauſe this ſong to ſing,
No grace in th'earth to that of God and King;
And ſhortly will be ſung by euery infant,
That good King IAMES made me againe Triumphant.

THEN goe to *Her*, whoſe *Princely vertues* ſhine
As if *Shee* were a *Goddeſſe* moſt *Diuine*,
(I meane my *Gracious Queene* and *Lady* ANNE,
Beſt *Queene of Women*, for Beſt *King of Man*:)
Beſeech that *Peereles Paragon of Time*,
That *Shee* will daigne t'accept thy honeſt Rime;
The rather, in reſpect *Her Royall Brother*,
Was the *Prime cauſe thereof*, not any other,
Who beeing (in the ſight of many people)
With other famous *Princes* on my ſteeple,
My *Writer* did conceit, *His Highneſſe* ſpake
Some charitable motion for my ſake,
That it were charges well beſtowed and ſpent,
To doe me Grace with ſome faire Ornament;
As with a *Crowne*, a *Spire*, or ſome good thing,
More fitter for to entertaine a *King*.
And 'cauſe *Hee* there did print *His royall foote*,

Poore man ſuppoſ'd *Hee* ſign'd and ſeald vnto't:
And ſay I what I can, yet is his Creed,
His Highneſſe did deliuer't as *His Deed*;
In which conceit (though oftentimes reſtrain'd)
Hee could not reſt, till thus I had complain'd.
O H tell *Her Highneſſe* that *Her Ladyes faire*,
Would giue good gifts to ſee my newe repaire,
And that, if firſt *Her Maieſtie* beginne,
All *Worthies* of *her ſexe* will then come in,
And bring *their Angels, Nobles, and their Crownes*,
From *Cities, Countries, Villages*, and *Townes*;
For Women neuer were of better ſpirits,
To doe the workes that *Fame* and *honour* merits,
Then now they are, God graunt them be ſo ſtill,
Patternes of good, and haters of all ill.

AND when thou haſt appear'd to *King* and *Queene*,
Vnto their *Princely Sonne* likewiſe be ſeene,
The high and mightie C H A R L E S, our ioy and treaſure,
Whom all true ſubiects loue in boundleſſe meaſure.
Say to this *Worthy, Welbeloued Prince*,
It was my chance ſome fiftie fiue yeares ſince,

To

To looſe my toppe, a ſtately *princely ſpire,*
By lightening, which ſet the ſame on fire;
And burnt it downe, (a wonderfull miſhap,)
Leauing me bare and bald without a cappe,
Like an old ſhippe without her maſts and ſayles,
Hauing no *Beautie*, but poore rotten rayles.
Pray tell this *Prince* what *honour* it will bee
Vnto *His Highneſſe* if *Hee* ſpeake for me;
And what a *Glory, Name*, and *Fame*, and *praiſe*,
Vnto *Great Brittaine* it will euer raiſe,
If this my humble ſuit be well reſpected,
That ſo with ſpeede the worke may be effected.

SO from the *Prince* (as faſt as thou art able,)
Make haſt to goe vnto the *Counſell Table*,
Shewe wherefore thou do'ſt come, and make a motion,
Vnto their *Honours* there for their Deuotion;
That *They'le* be pleaſ'd to ioyne with *Maieſtie*,
In ſuch a worke of *Chriſtian Pietie*;
I knowe *Their Wiſedomes* and *Their Worths* are ſuch,
They will in this no *gift* nor *counſell* grutch.

THEN to all other *Lords* and *Ladies* bright,
And euery *vertuous Gentleman and Knight*,
Doe thou appeare; and ſay th'art come from me,
And I doe hope thou ſhalt more welcome bee:
As ſure as I in *famous London* ſtand,
I ſhall haue gifts of euery *Noble* hand.

AND when with *Lords* and *Ladies* thou haſt done,
About the *Houſe* in euery office runne,
And from the higheſt to the loweſt Groome,
Say, thou for my repaire and helpe art come;
And I dare wager euery one will ſay,
They'le giue to me, and ſpare another way.

Secondly, to the Clergie.

THVS doe thou leaue the *Court*, and quickly hie
Vnto the Reuerend Biſhops and Clergie,
And giuing *Them* due *Grace and Reuerence*,
Craue thou *Their Bounties* and *Beneuolence*.

Tell

Tell *Them* I am *Their Church* of greateſt note,
Although I weare a poore and ragged coate;
And ſtand in faireſt *Citie* of this Land,
And with great ſtate was builded to *Their* hand.
I was the onely *Mirrour*, ſo am ſtill,
But then for *Beautie*, now for *looking ill:*
And *Strangers* wonder, why I am ſo bare,
Where ſuch great coſts on pleaſures buildings are:
And where for *Vanitie*, there wants no coine,
Or any thing to make *her* braue and fine.
I doe aſſure *them* (vnder *their* Correction)
That I haue liued long in great ſubiection,
And 'cauſe I doubt my rents and meanes are ſmall,
That I ſhall not be mended till I fall,
I thinke it not amiſſe for *Them* and mee,
To trie what helpe from others there will bee:
So I haue turn'd thee to the world therefore,
That (if I want,) *good men* may giue me more:
And doubtleſſe there are *Thouſands* that would giue,
Great and large gifts, to ſee me proſperous liue.

Thirdly, to the Citie.

NOW from the *Clergy* walke through *London-City*,
And looke them out that my poore caſe do pitie;
For there thou'lt finde innumerable many,
That for my good, will doe as much as any;
No place ſo *famous* as that *Royall Towne*,
For works of *Worth*, of *Honour*, and *Renowne*.
Be it for profit, pleaſure, health, or ſtate,
(Whatſoe're it coſt,) the Citizens will ha't.
Marke but *Morefields*, how it's aduanced hie
That did before both lowe and loathſome lie:
And going on take *Algate* in thy way,
Note well *her* building, and *her* rich aray.
Then without feare of ſtocks or pillorie,
Goe to the *garden* call'd *Th'artilarie*,
Paſſe by the *pikes* and *muſkets*, and be bold,
That *honourable action* to behold:
And I am ſure if backe thy newes thou bring,
Thou wilt proteſt it is a *worthy* thing,

That

That *men of note* their time and coine ſhould ſpend,
To practiſe *Armes*, their *Country* to defend,
And voluntarily themſelues incline,
To learne the rules of *Martiall diſcipline.*
I like it wondrous well, and could agree,
In euery *Shire* and *Towne* the like might bee,
That if in time we come to counterbuffes,
We may haue skill at *Armes* more then at cuffes,
And be prepar'd with skill and armour bright,
Againſt *Gods* enemies, and mine to fight.
Nowe come to *Bowe* in *Cheape* that coſt full deare,
And ſee how glorioufly ſhee doth appeare.
From thence to *Smithfield* if thou chance to hit,
Tell me what coſts they haue beſtow'd on it,
It was before a filthy noiſome place,
And to the *Citie* verie much diſgrace,
Yet now ſome ſay it may with beſt compare,
Of market places that in England are.
Then vnto *Amwell* ſee what you can ſay,
(The *Riuer* which was cut the other day,)
Me thinkes it is a very famous thing,
And doth much comfort to the *Citie* bring:

I needs

I needs muſt ſay it doth, and will avowe it,
And ſo I thinke all others will allow it,
And praiſe the *Founders* for their good intention,
And pray to bleſſe *them*, and their newe inuention.

So may you vetie well the *Founders* praiſe,
Of *water-engins* made in former dayes;
For they are worthy, and their works good ſtill,
Though *Amwell* doe the beſt it can or will.

Alſo for *Charitie* and good *Almes-deedes*,
What *Citie* vnder *heauen* more poore feeds?
Or who more bountifull to *Preachers* be,
Then *Londiners* to their abilitie?

All which I doe, and may reioyce to ſee,
And hope (in time) *they'le* doe ſome good to mee:
And ſo will leaue a thouſand things to name,
That likewiſe doe deſerue their laſting fame,
And thoſe more cheifely which were done of late,
(Together with their triumphs of great ſtate,)
Becauſe for thee my *Booke*, and for the *wiſe*,
I hope t'will be enough for to ſuffice.

And therefore nowe thy dutie there is done,
See that to other Cities thou be gone;

Intreat *them* faire as thou go'ſt on thy way,
And doe not care what carping Critticks ſay.

Fourthly, to the Countrie.

WHEN thou haſt done in *Citie* and in *Towne*,
I pray thee walke the *Countries* vp and downe,
And ſo diſperſe thy ſelfe both farre and wide,
Till euery honeſt Chriſtian heart be tride:
Spare neither *ſexe*, nor *age*, nor *bond*, nor *free*,
Nor any one of whatſoe're degree:
For though ſome places are but poore and bare,
Yet will the pooreſt haue a mite to ſpare;
The Countrie welcome I doe knowe is kind,
Where meanes doth hit according to the minde.
Therefore my louing *Booke* take heart and goe,
Thou ſhalt finde tenne good friends for one bad foe:
Doe not thou feare for want of *Eloquence*
Or filed tearmes, to pleaſe the outward ſence;
But with a courage and a conſcience free,

Doe what thou canst to grace and pleasure me,
And I will pray as much as in me is
To bring my Benefactors vnto blisse,
Thy words are honest, and thy matter true,
Wherefore goe on I say, and so *A-Dieu.*

Thy wel-willer to the
Worlds ende,

S. PAVLES Church.

The Epiſtle of the Author to

all Courteous and Charitable Readers.

IF you ſhould aske me *Why* I vndertooke,
Into the ruines of *Paules Church* to looke?
Or *How* I durſt (like Bayard) lift my Muſe,
To ſuch a height, or ſuch a ſubiect chuſe?
Or *Who* prouok'd me on, or bid me doe it?
Or who did ſet their helping hands vnto it?
Or *Which* way I doe thinke this Land can raiſe,
Inough *Beneuolence* in theſe hard dayes?
Or *What* the ende of my intent ſhould be?
Or *When* I thought this worthy worke to ſee?
To theſe your *Why*, your *How*, *Who*, *Which*, *What*, *When*,
I anſwer thus kind friends and Gentlemen:
Firſt, for your *Why*, my reaſon I will tell,
It's cauſe I loue, and ſtill will loue *Bethel*;
And *How* I durſt on ſuch a ſubiect write?
It's cauſe I doe it in the Churches right;
For whom, and for my Prince and Countrie too,
I'le ſpend my blood, write, ſpeake, ride, runne, or go.

And for your *Who* did bid me or aſſiſt me?
It was my God that hitherto hath bliſt me.
And for your *Which* way ſuch great gifts will riſe,
I could ſet preſidents before your eyes
Of one or two, whoſe deeds ſo farre extend,
As would build three, and this Church well amend.
Then wonder not (I pray) which way or whence,
This Land ſhould raiſe ſuch great *Beneuolence.*
And for your *What's* the ende of my intention?
The ſcope of all my Booke will make you mention.
And laſtly, for your *When* this worke ſhall bee,
Belongs vnto my *Betters* not to me,
To *God* and *King*, and *Powr's ſuperiour*,
And not to me that am inferiour.

Wherefore (*good Readers*) take it well in worth,
The anſwer which to you I haue ſet forth,
And when this *Booke* of mine abroad is ſent,
(Though poore and plaine) beleeue it is well meant:
And eu'ry thing's well done that's taken ſo,
But otherwiſe the good for bad doth goe.

I doe confeſſe and all the world may know it,
I am too weake, to haue the name of *Poet*,

Yet

Yet I proteſt I like ſo well the art,
I would a good one bee withall my heart;
But now it is too late to wiſh or crie
I was no *poet* borne, nor one ſhall die.
Since firſt into this buſineſſe I waded,
I could not be by any friend diſſwaded,
Although they told me ſtrange things of theſe dayes,
That might haue made me doubtfull many wayes;
But beeing voide of feares, or thought of harme,
I did my ſelfe with Chriſtian courage arme,
And ſtourly went through thicke and thinne to ſhore,
Where neuer any waded yet before;
And now haue finiſht what my *ſoule* requir'd,
Though not ſo well by halfe as I deſir'd;
God graunt it may ſuch good acceptance haue,
That once againe this *Bethel* may be braue.
And you deare *Friends* whoſe fauours I obtaine,
Health to your dayes while here you doe remaine,
And after this life euer may you ſtand,
Moſt bleſſed *Saints* in the *Celeſtiall Land.*

Yours onely in the vttermoſt of my
beſt endeauours and wiſhes,

HENRIE FARLEY.

At *Zoilus*, *Momus*, and their mates,
This doe I fling to breake their pates.

CRitticks ſurceaſe, and doe not ſtirre too much,
Leaſt medling more then needs, I may you touch,
And tell you to your teeth you are no friends
To any good beginnings, or good ends.
Though plaine I am, to Prince *I am as true,*
And loyall *too, as are the proud'ſt of you:*
Nor haue I wronged you or any other,
More then a louing child would wrong his mother:
Or written any thing ſo voide of reaſon,
But that it may (to good men) come in ſeaſon;
Wherefore let Iuſtice *rule you, and be quiet,*
And ſeeke not 'gainſt my right to make a riot:
For if you doe, I muſt defend my cauſe,
By helpe of God, or King, or Armes, or Lawes;
Yet will I yeeld my life vnto my Betters,
But not to you, if I ſhould ſtarue in fetters.

Perhaps

Perhaps I'm borne to bee a Phinees *bold,*
To begge and pray for poore, and weake and olde,
And ſuch as are both dumbe, and deafe, and blind,
That in this flintie Age no helpe can find.
What's that to you, or wherefore ſhould you grutch,
When nine times worſe, you ſpend ten times as much?
But that's to pleaſe your humour, that's well done,
And in that vaine your courſe runnes headlong on,
Vntill you make your ſelues ſo poore and bare,
That twentie ſuch haue not a doite *to ſpare.*
If this my ſuite be rightly well regarded,
I may haue thanks, and loue, and be rewarded:
And more then that, (if lucke do not miſcarrie)
Paules friends will ſay, I was an honeſt Harry:
So gaine a vertuous Fame *when I am rotten,*
By future Ages *not to be forgotten,*
While (if you pleaſe) you may goe ſhooe the gooſe,
And (wanting garters) weare your ſtockings looſe.

Yours, as you plainely ſee,
till you are friends with mee.
H. F.

In laudem Authoris

Carmen ἐγκωμιαστικὸν.

SEmiruta aſpiciens Paulini culmina templi
Farleius, queritur tale perire decus.
Mox pia ſpirantem componit vota libellum,
Et quia non poterat magna, minora facit.
Qui ſi tàm noſſet templum, quàm condere verſum,
Efficeret propria, quod vouet, ipſe manu.
Fortunet latis deus hoc ſucceſſibus auſum,
Gloria & ingenuum certa ſequatur opus.

THe great *Kings* Houſe, & Courts on earth decay'?
Let *King*, and *Court* to heauen raiſe vp againe,
And of the *Church-men* let it ner'e be ſaid,
That they did grudge the *Temple* to maintaine:
Let *London Londons* beauty beautifie,
And *Countrie-men* their *Countries*-dignity:
And with the Churches wiſhed exaltation,
Mount vp this Authors rightfull commendation.

I. W. T. C.

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF PAVLES, TO ALL CHRISTIAN SOVLES.

THE great complaint that here is made good people,
Is of *Pauls Church*, and of that polled ſteeple,
Which ſtands within the famous citie London,
Cracked, defaced, rent, and almoſt vndone:
Mourning like *Charing-croſſe*, be'ing much decaid,
And of the ſtormes and winter blaſts afraid,
Saying (alas) will no man pitie me,
But ſuffer ſtill my poore aduerſitie?
I'ſt *S. Pauls doctrine* you would faine imbrace?
Then crowne my head, do me ſome outward *Grace:*
Let ſtrangers ſee and all that come to Towne,
That your cheife Church doth flouriſh, not fall downe:
And let me haue ſome *Beautie*, forme, and faſhion,

That yee may ſhewe your ſelues a louing *Nation*,
And ſo aſſure me you doe not reiect me,
But with your wonted fauours doe reſpect me.

I know that for your owne delights and pleaſures,
Vpon your houſes you beſtow great treaſures,
Without, within, not any coſts you ſpare,
To make them ſhew moſt beautifull and rare,
With ſtately *Lanthornes*, *Pyramids*, and things,
Pictures of mightie *Emperours* and *Kings*,
High *turrets*, *towers*, and curious phanes of price,
As if it were the place of *Paradiſe*,
While I am bare, and like a *Chaos* ſtand,
That ſhould be faireſt proſpect in the land.

What is the reaſon I ſhould be no higher?
Becauſe my chance was to be burnt with fire:
Or doe you thinke the charge but caſt away
That is beſtowed on the Church decay?
Or is it *Merlins* forceries and lies
Hath made you feare with his falſe *propheſies*?
Or what's the reaſon you ſhould thus neglect
To build me vp againe with faire proſpect?

I am *Gods houſe*, conſider then I pray,
What cauſe there is that I ſhould thus decay:
Is it not pitty I ſhould ragged bee,
While on proud fleſh ſuch golden gawdes I ſee?
Alas for ſhame I cannot chooſe but bluſh,
To ſee the world ſo ſtumble at a ruſh,
Yet eaſily it skips and leaps or'e blocks,
Not ſparing charge, nor fearing any knocks.
A thouſand yeeres I ſtood in proſperous ſtate,
And ſo remained till it was of late:
My auncient *Founders* were my louers deare,
They ſpar'd no coſt as doth full well appeare:
But raiſ'd me from the ground aloft the skies,
To be a wonder for a world of eyes,
And made my watchfull cocke ſtretch forth his wings,
As doth the *Larke* when (mounting high) he ſings
Haleluiah with his pretie voice,
And (neer'ſt the Heauens,) more he doth reioyce.
Then with the leaſt aire that in skie did blowe,
Which way the winde did ſet, my cocke would ſhowe;
Ah, then was I a *Princely Monument*,
In ſight of all that vnto *London* went:

And then had I the *Commendation*,
And held in higheſt reputation:
But now (like one forlorne,) I ſtand vnpitt'ed,
As if I had ſome monſtrous fault committed.
Sometimes a view is made vpon my wants,
And then (twixt hope and feare) my heart it pants,
But all in vaine I hope, (alas my griefe,)
Surueiours gone, then this is my releiſe;
To vndertake ſo high a worke to mend,
Great is the charge (ſaie ſome) and to no end,
For (but for ſhew) to what vſe will I ſerue,
Whereby ſuch coſt on mee, I ſhould deſerue?
Which cenſure makes me linger in conſumption,
That to bee cured I haue ſmall preſumption.
Fie, fie, where are the minds were heretofore?
Are they growne poore, and will be rich no more?
Or are the gold and ſiluer Ages paſt,
And now an iron Age, left at the laſt?
Then woe is mee, my hopes, are fond and vaine,
I neuer looke to be repair'd againe.
When firſt I was by *Ethelbert* beganne,
No helpe was wanting could be found in man;

The Labre'r would beginne at worke to ſweate,
Before he did deſire to drinke or eate;
All workemen ſtriued for to ſhewe their skill,
Not ſo much for their gaine, as in good will;
Whether by taske, or working by the day,
Not one that would a minute ſpend in play;
Nor would they ſleight their workes as now men doe,
But wrought with Art and expedition too;
One free dayes worke in euery weeke I knowe,
They would on me moſt willingly beſtowe.

What ſhould I ſay? If I ſhould goe about,
To reckon all particulars throughout;
(The rules obſerued to beginne and ende,
The gifts that many vnto mee did ſend,
The ſolemne orders laying my firſt ſtone,
With hallowing the ground I ſtand vpon:
The candles that were burned euery night,
At euerie time I grewe a man in height,
The noiſe of *Drummes* and eke of *Trumpets* ſound,
When firſt I did appeare aboue the ground;
The *triumph* made at my firſt *Scaffolds* raiſe,
The *ſolemne ſongs* were ſung in *Heauens* praiſe:

The number ſet on worke by ſea and land,
As if the Chriſtian world I might command;
If I were beſt that vſeth ſwift to write,
I could not in two yeeres the ſame recite.
And if ſo many men were in a plaine,
As for my good did labour and take paine,
A *royall armie* would appeare to be,
Of power to fight with mightie enemie.
They wrought about me like the prettie bees,
And euery night went home with wearie knees,
And euery morne came freſh to worke againe,
As if the day before they felt no paine:
Their honey-drops diſtill'd from them apace,
(I meane the ſweate of euery workemans face)
Their labour was their feſtiuall for me,
In hope my future proſperous ſtate to ſee,
A world it was to note how all were bent,
How willingly their coyne and time they ſpent,
Without a Lotary or forc'd collection,
For all were free in any ſuch good action:
There was no pining at the Church expence,
But all was brought in true Beneuolence:

And

And thoſe that died in my *dioceſſe*,
Would will me ſomething, more or leſſe:
At all communions, and marriage dayes,
At Chriſtenings, and many other waies:
The very pooreſt, would (without excuſe)
Send or giue ſomething to my proper vſe:
And all to make mee beautifull and faire,
That Chriſt his *flocke* might vnto me repaire,
To teach and learne the *Heauenly* words of Grace,
And ſo to growe and fructifie apace,
In all good waies of Chriſtian *Pietie*,
Beſt pleaſing to the *Heauenly Deitie*.
Which (in good time) is long ſince brought to paſſe,
The like as ner'e in any kingdome was:
So that for preaching, I may now compare
With all the Churches vnder heauen are.
Praiſed be *God* whoſe goodneſſe doth excell,
Beyond what I can aske, or tongue can tell,
From age to age, hee ſtill hath ſuccour'd mee,
And out of thrall for euer ſet me free.
My inward garments, ſhine ſo bright and pure,
As now no errour can the ſame obſcure:

For on the *Bread of life* in me you feede,
And doe receiue all things your ſoules doe neede;
My *Preachers* bid you come, buy without money,
Things ſweeter then the honey-combe or honey;
They tell you that the poore repentant ſinner,
Shal be inuited to a Heauenly dinner;
And how the wilfull wicked are corrected,
And from Gods fauour vtterly reiected.
They preach that *pride* ſhalbe conſum'd with fire,
And *God* will raiſe the *ſimple* from the mire,
They ſay that *Enuie* is a murthering ſinne,
Whil'ſt *neighbour-loue* the loue of *God* doth winne.
They teach and prooue that *griping Couetouſneſſe*,
Is cheifeſt cauſe of ſinne and wickedneſſe:
Whilſt *Charitie* and *fruits* of *Chriſtian loue*,
Doth pleaſe the *Lord*, and all his *Saints* aboue.
They ſay in holy *Scripture* it is found,
That all the world for drunken ſinne was drown'd,
And that with water was; but now I thinke,
The greateſt part will drowned be in drinke.
They ſay that *gluttonie* and all exceſſe,
Shall puniſht be in *Hell* with paines endleſſe:

And that all *whooredome*, and *adulterous* acts,
All *poisonings*, *witchcrafs*, and such *wicked* facts,
Treason, *periurie*, *cousenage*, and *lying*,
Vnto the *Lord of Hosts* are daily crying.
And thus they preach the *Law* and *Gospel* too,
And faithfully Gods *holy worke* they doe;
And all to set you in the perfect way,
That *Heauen* may yours be another day.
By this you see how faire I am within,
Oh blest are *they* that did that worke beginne:
And they that did and doe maintaine the same,
Eternall be their *Honour* and their *Fame:*
But such as seeke that *Glorie* to deface,
Hell be their ende, and in this life disgrace.
Ah faire *Eliza*, now I thinke on *thee*,
Full foure and fortie yeeres thou succordst me,
And didst defend me with thy *awfull sword*,
Gainst *proudest foes* that did oppose *Gods word:*
And when away thou must from vs be gone,
God and thou send'st a second *Salomon*,
By whom and by whose issue, I am sure,
Paules faithfull doctrine shall with me indure;

And be maintained,(maugre helliſh ſpite)
So long as *Sunne* and *Moone* doe yeild their light.
His words, *His* workes, *His* will to God is bent,
His Bookes doe ſhew that *Hee* from *God* is ſent:
For *Prouerbs* to *His Sonne He* did declare,
Then next a *Preachers part He* did not ſpare,
The third *His ſong of ſongs* moſt ſure ſhall be,
That ſhall ſet forth *His Kingly* loue to me,
His cheife delight is all in *Trinitie*,
Of them to make a perfect *Vnitie*.
What is the *good* wherein *Hee* hath no part?
What is the *bad He* hates not with *His heart*?
Where are the poore that iuſtly can complaine,
Whoſe needs He helps not, and their right maintaine?
Where is the *wight* of worth and due deſert,
But of *his Royall bountie* hath had part?
And where's the *Princes* that to Him reſort,
That doe not of their welcome well report?
And eke extoll His *great magnificence*,
His *wiſedome*, *learning*, *wit*, and *eloquence*;
As did the *Queene of Saba* (*Dauids ſonne*,)
So they admire our *Royall Salomon*,

1. Baſilicon doron.
2. His Apology for the oath of Allegiance.
3. Canticum Canticorum.

And ſay though times doe alter and mens names,
So that our *Salomon* is called IAMES,
Yet for *his wealth, his wiſedome, ſtrength* and all,
A *Second Salomon* you may Him call;
His *Land* the *Iſrael* that flowes with milke,
And honey ſweet, corne, cattell, cloth, and ſilke,
Gold from all parts, ſpice, oyle, and wine,
Treaſures from Eaſt and Weſt, Pearls rich and fine;
People innumerable as the ſands,
That well he may ſend out to forraigne lands,
Great ſtore of them to place and plant elſewhere,
That He an *Iſrael* new may build and reare,
Whereby *Gods word* throughout the world may goe,
As in the *Scriptures* Chriſt commanded ſo:
Goe yee preach and baptiſe in euery coaſt,
In'th name of *Father, Sonne*, and *Holy Ghoſt:*
Which worthy worke his Highneſſe hath begunne,
As much as any heretofore hath done:
Virginnia, Sommer-iſlands, and the reſt,
Will teſtifie in time how they are bleſt,
By comming of His Subiects there to liue,
Which could not be, if He no leaue did giue.

By which good meanes thoſe which now *Sauage* be,
Will come in time to *Chriſtianitie*;
If not the elder ſort, the younger may,
And after one *age* thouſands euery day.
Though all things at the firſt ſeeme hard to bee,
Yet good beginnings haue good ends you ſee,
So it be followed and well protected,
And for *Gods glorie* cheifely be reſpected:
No ſuch beginnings need to feare good ends,
For they ſhall haue both *God* and *King* their friends.
There is not any that for wiſe would paſſe,
But holds that *England* as *Virginnia* was,
And how it's now the world may iudge with me,
A brauer *Kingdome* neuer eie did ſee;
And ſo (in time) may poore *Virginnia*,
If ſeconded by rich *Brittannia*.

The prayer of Paules.

OH *God*, I pray thee bleſſe this *Royall* IAMES,
Q. ANNE, *Prince* CHARLES, *their iſſue, & their realmes*,
Prince PALATINE, *and his* ELIZA *faire*,
Their Princely Babe and firſt borne Sonne and Heire;
Feede *them* with *Manna* from thy *mercie-ſeate*,

Let

Let thy *Word* be their onely *drinke* and *meate:*
Bleſſe all their *Counſell* (*faithfull, wiſe,* and *graue,*)
With euery gift good *Counſellors* ſhould haue:
Their *gracious* and their *reuerend Biſhops* all,
Bleſſe likewiſe Lord; and more eſpeciall,
Their Reu'rend Kingly Father of this *See,*
Cheife *Lord* and *Preacher* that belongs to me;
Alſo *their Deane* and *Chapter* of this place,
Bleſſe with thy louing countenance and grace,
And all the reſt of *godly Miniſtrie,*
And daily them increaſe and multiply:
Oh make their words and workes for aie agree,
That I the *Halcyon* dayes and houres may ſee.
Bleſſe all their *Nobles, Knights,* and *Gentrie* all,
Their *Yeomandry,* and *Commons* great and ſmall.
Bleſſe both their *Nurſes* of ſweete *learnings* lore,
And all good *Students* now and euemore:
Bleſſe *Them* from all *deſignes* of feare and blood,
And from all things that are not for *Their* good:
Poiſon the poiſoners that ſeeke *Their death,*
And ſuffer not a *Traytor* once to breath;
Roote out the *Romiſh rabble* from *their* Land,

That naught but plots of *murther* haue in hand;
Driue farre from *Them* all *Sorcerers* and *Deuils*,
And ſtill defend *Them* from pretended euills:
Blowe all the *chaffe* away that ſpoiles good *corne*,
And let no *vaultie villaines* more be borne;
Set markes of *powder-vengeance* in their faces,
And let it there abide to their diſgraces.

Yet Lord, thou art their potter, they the clay,
Thy skill and will can worke them any way:
Then if it bee thy will, for Honour make them,
And in thine anger do not quite forſake them:
Or as the *Scripture* ſaith, (a *bleſſed ſtorie*)
Do what thou wilt, *O God*, for thine owne *glorie*.

Bleſſe this moſt *famous Citie* where I ſtand,
The *Flowre*, the Perle, the Iemme of Brittaine Land,
The Honourable *Maior* of the ſame,
The *Sherifs* and the *Aldermen* by name,
All other *officers* in *their* degree,
And all good *Citizens* whereſo'ere they be.

My *Benefactors* I doe pray thee bleſſe,
And frame their hearts to giue with willingneſſe:
So bleſſe, *O Lord*, the *Noble Engliſh hearts*,

That

That in *Virginnia* haue done *their* parts;
Incourage and increaſe them euermore,
And ſtill enrich their treaſure and their ſtore;
Oh let all *worthie minds* imboldned bee,
To doe the *works* that beſt may *Honour thee.*
And I doe pray thee ſith the times grow ill,
Teach all the ready way to doe thy will;
So by thy *goodneſſe* ſinne may be or'ecome,
And they prepar'd againſt the day of doome,
To liue with *thee* in thy *eternall* bliſſe
Where they ſhall neuer any comfort miſſe;
Vnto which bleſſed place, Lord bring them ſtill,
That feare thy name, and ſtriue to doe thy will.

AND now for to returne where I left off,
Leaſt ſome perhaps may raſhly giue a ſcoffe;)
I muſt complaine of more then yet you ſee,
Which I deſire may well amended bee:
My body round within, and eke without,
My windowes, and my pillars all about,
My pauements, and my doores, my leads, my walls,
And many other faults vpon you calls,

And

And craues repaire againſt all wind and weather,
That wee may giue you thanks for altogether.
The Church the *feminine gender* doth require,
And like a *Ladies* ſhould bee her attire;
Nay like an *Empreſſes* adorn'd, and grac'd,
Within, without, in order all things plac'd;
And cheifely that Church which is moſt inſight,
(The head, the members guide, and candle-light;)
So ſhould I bee that all the world may know,
Th'vnfayned loue that *Brittaines* hearts do owe
To mee their *Princely Church*, and *Empreſſe deare*,
In whom the *word of God* doth ſhine moſt cleare.
Say that you ſhould vpon your backe beſtow
Rich clothing, as ther's many doe I know,
And on your head a threedbare cap ſhould weare,
Motheaten, and at ev'ry touch to teare;
Would you not thinke that all which ſee you goe,
Could chuſe but wonder why you ſhould doe ſo?
In all whatſoeuer like to like is beſt,
If one part be well cloth'd, ſo let the reſt;
Or els that which is baſe makes all ſeeme baſe,
And by that fault doth all the reſt diſgrace.

were it not ſtrange alſo *(oh pardon mee,)*
That any one within the *Court* ſhould ſee
Our *Royall Queene* attir'd in baſe aray,
And all her hand-maides cloth'd in garments gay?
I thinke t'were ſtrange, and ſuch vnſeemely ſport,
As neuer will (I hope) be in our *Court:*
Yet euen ſo the caſe with mee doth ſtand,
That am the *Queene of Churches* in this *Land:*
For in the middle of a matchleſſe *Citie,*
I ſtand like to a *mourner,* more the pittie,
Inuironed with buildings faire about,
And I am talleſt built in all the rowt;
All other *Churches* are but *dwarfes* to mee,
Yet vnto all beare-headed muſt I bee;
My head ſhould weare the *Crowne* full well I know,
But that muſt ſtand vpon the toppe of *Bowe:*
Or els the ſhaft or ſpire that ſhould bee beſt,
But that's vpon S. *Dunſtanes* in the *Eaſt;*
My chime of fine ſmall bells might well be heard,
All London ouer, but I am afeard
That ſome will ſay, what need ſuch coſt be there?
Becauſe (of chimes) there be enough elſwhere:

Bowe ſteeple in Cheapeſide verie well beautified at the coſt of one Pariſh.

But ſuch *Lobiectors* I could wiſh were dead,
That better minds might come in place and ſtead;
Let ſuch hoard vp for *Sir Hugh Prodigall,*
Or *Sir Raph Want-wit,* you may *noddie* call,
Whoſe backe and belly cheere, *Tobacco* ſmoake,
All *good deſignes* doth hinder, ſtifle, choake.

Some few (I hope) the Lord will euer raiſe,
To bee the *light* and *mirrour* of theſe dayes,
That (in good time) will pittie my complaint,
And with my wants will all my friends acquaint,
And ſtirre them vp to be as *franke* to me,
As God (to them) is *bountifull* and free.

One ſuch a *Sutton* as of late did die,
That turned *Charter-houſe* to *charitie,*
If to himſelfe the *honour* he would haue,
With halfe that charge he might repaire me braue;
But ſuch a worthy *Phœnix* is ſo rare,
That hardly any will with him compare;
Nay would tenne thouſand would now ioyne in one,
To doe as much as he alone hath done.

But ſtay a while (my *Muſe*) no further goe,
What is the reaſon thou art grieued ſo?

Let-

Let not fell anger in thy heart take place,
But patiently I pray thee, beare a ſpace;
Nor any of my coate ſhould angry bee,
But gentle, mild, and full of curteſie;
Nor ſhould *beggers*, (men doe ſay) bee chooſers,
Leaſt crauing all, they ſtill are all the looſers.
I thinke now on a good conceit and true,
That doth my comforts once againe renue;
For liſtning what the *Princes* ſaid of late,
(When *they* were pleaſ'd to be on my bald pate,)
As I did vnderſtand this was *their* talke,
As *they* (about) on eu'ry ſide did walke;
Alas good *Paul* (ſaith one) how poore and bare,
Thy head, thy ſides, thy battlements now are?
Is't poſſible that long thou ſhouldeſt thus ſtand,
In ſuch a *Cittie* and a *proſperous* land?
As I am *Chriſtian* I'le ſpeake for thee,
That once againe thou mayſt *tryumphant* bee:
Thy ſhaft ſhall vp againe, thy cocke ſhall crowe,
Or elſe thou ſhalt be *crown'd* as well as Bow:
Which of theſe two will ſureſt on thee ſtand,
I will entreat thou maieſt haue out of hand:

Comfort thy ſelfe (*good Paul*) be not diſmaid,
It ſhalbe done to thee, as I haue ſaid;
To which the other *Princes* all agree'd,
And ſaid it ſhould bee ſurely done with ſpeed.
THIS did I heare, or els was much deceiu'd,
And of my ſence of hearing quite bereau'd;
But that's no marueile if it ſo ſhould bee,
For age, and cold, breeds much infirmitie,
And waiting ſo long bare head is a thing
That (to the ſoundeſt) may diſeaſes bring,
And make him ſo benummed, and ſo weake,
That hee ſhall hardly ſtand, or heare, or ſpeake.
Indeed I am or'eioy'd, I muſt confeſſe,
When I am viſited with *Princely* gueſts;
For then I hope, ſome good will come to mee,
Towards releife of my neceſſitie;
So ioy might make me to miſtake *their* ſpeech,
Which (if I did) I humbly doe beſeech
A pardon for this fault, and then hereafter
Ile write of nothing but Ile bring mine Author,
To verifie the truth of that I write,
Or els my pen ſhall neuer more indite.

And for my *Writer* alſo let me craue,
His pardon likewiſe I would gladly haue:
His learning you may ſee is poore and weake,
And I can make but ſignes, I cannot ſpeake;
I ſhew'd my coate, my head, my broken ſight,
How poore it was, how bald and wanting light:
Whereat he vow'd, that he would neuer reſt
Vntill with ſtate and beautie I were dreſt;
For which I muſt not ſhewe my ſelfe ingrate,
But pray that he may liue right fortunate:
His meaning's good, that you may plainely ſee,
Though he want *Eloquence* to poliſh me,
Beare with his wants, accept of his good will,
Encourage him that is well minded ſtill.

If once I were attired faire and braue,
Then London all her ornaments ſhall haue;
All things would then be ſutable to me,
And to my friends moſt gratefull will I bee:
For then will I when my Requeſt is done,
Send to the banks of learned *Helicon*,
Or to *Pernaſſus mount*, where *Eloquence*
Doth paſſe my Authors dull intelligence,

Where I ſhall finde ſuch fruits on Eden tree,
As ſhall ſet forth their fauours done to mee;
And on my *Pinnacles* there ſhall they place,
Moſt thankefull *mottoes* for my *Founders grace.*
And more to ſhewe their loues and good intents,
They ſhall ſet *poeſies* on my *battlements*,
That ſhall my *Benefactors* loue vnfold,
To all the world in ſentences of gold.

Let not be ſaid when you for Chriſt his ſake
Warre with his enemies doe vndertake,
That your *religion* doth with Church decay,
But let your ſeene, your vnſeene *zeale* diſplay;
That valiantly you may your ſelues expreſſe,
Like *Chriſtians* ſtout in *weale* or in *diſtreſſe*,
In ſpight of all that wicked wights can doe,
And for the glorie of the *Goſpel* too.

Then famous *Brittaine* thou'lt be happie ſtill,
In godly pleaſures thou ſhalt take thy fill:
Feare thou no *foes* for *Chriſt* will be thy guard,
Whoſe *breath* can make a mightie *hoſt* afeard:
Thy *Kingly Dauid* alſo can diſpute
With Turke or Antichriſt, and them confute;

And when to *warres his Highneſſe* ſhall incline,
He'le quell the *pride* of ſtouteſt *Philiſtine*,
And in the meane time with a *Bible-ſtone*,
Will daſh his braines, and cruſh his greateſt bone:
For he that in his breaſt doth weare that *ſheild*,
(As doth this *Dauid*) needs not feare the field:
But with true *faith* and courage *he* may meete
Sathan himſelfe, and ſtampe him at his feete.

His golden pen that wrote for *Chriſt* his ſake,
The *Angels* vp to *Heauen* did it take,
And bid *Him* be as bold with *Pike* as *Pen*,
For *He* ſhould be the onely *King* of men,
And that in *Him* and *His poſteritie*,
Should be or'ethrowne all *Popiſh hereſie*:
Which Chriſt (I pray thee) grant it may be ſo,
To all that *Thy* iuſt quarrell vndergo:

For ſweet's that BLOOD *that in Thy cauſe is ſhedde*,
As was Thy BLOOD *that Thou for man haſt bledde.*

And now for to conclude what hath beene ſaid,
I doe beſeech my *pouertie* be wai'd:
Oh let not baſe *Oblivion* burie me,

Leaſt

Leaſt in *Oblivion* I doe burie thee,
And ſcorne that thou ſhouldſt build within my *wombe*,
To grace thy ſelfe with any ſumptuous tombe,
Where thy remembrance muſt indure for aye,
And I poore Church be ſuffered to decay.
My *Innocence* pleads no ſuch *Ignorance:*
But if I were diſpoſ'd to caſt a glaunce,
I ſoone could finde ſuch coſts on *tombes* laid out,
As almoſt would amend me round about:
Theſe in my bowels neere my heart muſt lie,
And I poore ragged wretch muſt pitie crie:
And this the purſe of ten or twelue haue done,
Yet leſt enough for wife, and euery ſonne.
Can tenne or twelue doe ſo, and twice as much?
And ſhall a *Citie* and a *Kingdome* grutch
To giue a trifle to ſo good a deed,
As ſhould releeue my powertie and neede?
And not ſo giuen, neither as quite loſt,
For that were vanitie and idle coſt;
For from thee it doth goe vnto thy brother,
(I meane the workeman, and to many other.)
That's caſt away, that goes out of the Land,

And

And comes no more in *King* or *Subiects* hand:
Or that that's hidden in the earth, or bagges,
While thy poore Brother's naked, or in ragges.
Oh come with gladnes then vnto this charge,
Brittaine is wealthy, populous, and large,
And thoſe that giue in loue and charitie,
Booke let them recorded bee,
That children's children may hereafter know,
The loue their *fore-fathers* to me did owe;
And be incourag'd in their younger dayes,
To doe the works deſeruing laſting praiſe:
For he that doth deferre good deeds till death,
Seild comes to good the thing hee doth bequeath.

ON bended knees of *loue* and *loyaltie*,
And at the feete of *Soueraigne Maieſtie*,
King, Queene, and Prince, and Priuie Counſellers,
Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Brittaines Senators,
Once more I doe moſt humbly, begge and craue,
That my defaults amendment now may haue:
Nobles, Knights, Gentrie, Commons great and ſmall,
In *loue* and *reuerence* I pray you all,

That ye theſe faults will helpe for to amend,
For *Brittaines honour* till the world doth end:
Wiues, and *Widdowes*, *Maidens dying*, *liuing*,
Vnto this worke of *Pietie* be giuing;
According to your works yee ſhall inherit,
Yet for your works no place in Heauen can merit:
For what is he that ſince the world beganne,
Hath beene ſo iuſt, and ſo vpright a man,
Whoſe good works could exceede aboue his euill,
But onely *Hee* that conquer'd death and deuill?
That Chriſt, that Lambe, that Doue, that God-man, he
Did onely merit your eternitie.

To him therefore doe you his praiſes ſend,
And ſo of my Complaint I make an ende.

Laus Deo in æternum.

THE

THE EPILOGVE:

OR,

An Extaſie, which Paules *fell into after it had complained: partly of Hope, and partly of Feare.*

WHEN my complaint was ended, I amazd
Stood, and beheld how people on me gazd:
My thought that euery one that walked by,
Did looke vpon me with compaſſions eie:

EXCEPT ſome twelue, and that was *Enuie* one,
A pale-fac'd fellow, wiſhing good to none:
He vo'wd, and ſwore from his more gall then heart,
Vnto my need he would no penny part:
His reaſon beeing asked, he replied,
All others but his owne good he defied.

2 THE ſecond was a *miſerable* Chuffe,
Hee at at my mournefull ſuite did ſtorme and puffe;
And ſaid, for all my pouertie and ragges,
He would not part with money from his bagges.
Shall I (ſaid hee) giue any thing to thee,
If I ſhould want, what canſt thou giue to me?

3 THE third was *Pride*, and he did looke ſo hie,
That he could not my pouertie eſpie:
To giue (he ſaid) it is not now the faſhion;
And for to beg, it's held abhomination.

4 THE fourth was *Careleſneſſe*; his anſwer was,
That for my need and wants he did not paſſe,
His reaſon why he will no bountie giue,
Is 'cauſe (quoth he) I'le ſtand while he ſhall liue,
And ſo departs with ſcoffing, and with laughter,
And bids them care that ought to care hereafter.

5 THEN *Pickthanke* comes, the fift he is in number;
He pries in others faults, and makes great cumber,
And for to ſaue himſelfe from any charge,
He doth not care how he doth ſpeake at large,
And reckons vp collections made before,
(Inough for to releife my wants and more;)

So

So that if others were i'th minde hee's in,
He would ſee that before he would beginne.
Alas, if ſuch a thing were done before,
Let it not now be laid on good mens ſcore;
Whoſe wills are ſuch (although they are not many)
Me to repaire without the helpe of any:
But ſith their meanes compareth not with minde,
(Without ſome helpe) I can no comfort finde.
THEN *Curioſitie* the ſixt goes by, 6
And cauſe he ſees a moate in's brothers eie,
(A word amiſſe, a ſyllable, or ſuch,)
To giue a ſhilling therefore he doth grutch:
And thus he peepes, and pries, and lookes a ſquint,
And thinks that beggers words ſhould be paſt print:
When (God doth know) if he were charitable,
The plaineſt tearmes ſhould ſerue if he were able.
THE ſeauenth, *Prodigalitie* that aſſe, 7
(That by Duke *Humphry* oft doth hungry paſſe,)
He ſaies, Tobacco, Claret wine, and Sacke
He will not want, though twentie Churches lacke;
To playes, and playing, taylor, or to launder,
Or for a toy, he cares not how he ſquander:

But when poore *Vertue* doth but craue a groate,
He's ready in his wrath to cut her throat.

8 THEN comes the eight, (*Haile maſter*) with his traine,
Hee ſaies, what needs ſuch waſt? it is but vaine:
It had beene better giuen vnto the poore,
That beg about the ſtreets from doore to doore:
But ſuch a *Iudas* (if he beare the bagge,)
Hath no intent the poore ſhould haue a ragge.

9 THE ninth I take it was a *Ieſuite*,
(For I did heare him mumble words of ſpite)
And ſwore by all the blacke deeds he intended,
He'd rather hang then I ſhould bee amended:
Hang then (quoth I,) or get thee going further,
For thy delight's in ruine and in murther:
Thy curſe can doe no harme, thy bleſſe no good,
Nor all ſuch villaines as delight in blood:
For God in holy *Scripture* hath appointed,
That none ſhould hurt his *Church* or his *Anointed:*
Therefore auant thou wolfe in lambskins cloath'd,
For through the world thy acts and deeds are loath'd.

10 THEN comes the tenth an *Atheiſt*, not an *Arian*,
(Though both I do eſteeme as dung or carrin;)

He

He vext and ſtorm'd that any Church ſhould bee
Where *Soules* ſhould worſhip any *Deitie*:
A man to ſeeme he was, but not Gods creature,
Becauſe he held all things proceed by nature.
THE leauenth was a *brother* ſeeming pure, 11
That no good works will heare of or indure,
And all the comfort which to mee he ſaith,
That I (Aſſe hee,) muſt ſtand and liue by faith;
By faith (quoth I,) what faith doſt thou liue by?
By faith it's good when in good faith you lie;
If I had not a *Faith*, more ſure, more humble,
I ſoone ſhould crake, and rent, and fall, and tumble:
Wherefore be gone (*Prophane*) thy *faith* deceaues,
And all the world of *charitie* bereaues.
The ſureſt foundation of Pauls is the Church vnder it called S. Faith.
THE twelu'th and laſt, a clouted ſhooe did weare, 12
And in his hand a hedging bill did beare:
(I meane the *wretched man*, that is ſo cruell,
That makes his mucke, his Idoll and his Iuell,)
He ſaies and ſweares, (and yet he prates and lies)
That all his wealth's not worth two apple pies;
When (if he were) to take a goodly varme,
Or in ſome ſpite to doe his neighbour harme,

His

His Iugge and hee agree both in one ſound,
And from their hutch can vetch a hunderd pound;
And yet he pines and pules for doing good,
As if in pouertie and want he ſtood.
And thus with griefe of mind, and in ſome fury,
I haue impaneld vp my vnkind *Iewry*,
Whoſe *verdict* would be ſuch if they may ſpeake,
As would my head, and heart for ſorrow breake.
But now theſe vnkind *twelue* are gone and paſt,
Twelue hundred thouſand I eſpie at laſt,
Virtues welwillers men of charity,
Such as doe pray for my proſperity.
They ſay I may without be deeked braue,
Yet in my inward parts no *pride* may haue;
I may haue *carerings*, *corronets*, and *laces*,
I may haue *louers*, *kiſſes*, and *imbraces*;
I may haue *Honour* due vnto a *Queene*,
And all this while no *pride* in mee is ſeene:
I may haue any thing to make me faire,
That all *truths* louers may to mee repaire,
And bee enamor'd at my louely face,
And ſtriue who moſt can enter to my grace:

Not

Not as the wicked money-changing-rout,
(In time of prayer) walke my Iſles about,
And make their bargaines, and their idle meetings,
With many falſe, and fayned newes, and greetings:
But as my friends in feruent *zeale* and motion,
Come for to heare Gods word with ſound deuotion;
My thinks they looke, and ſmile, and ſpeake, and giue,
And wiſh that I triumphantly might liue;
They doe not ſeeke for faults, as others doe,
But doe good deeds, and yet are faithfull too:
They ſound no trumpets when they giue their almes,
They haue in them no peeuiſh froward qualmes;
But all in *loue* and *done-like charitie*
They giue, and giue in Chriſtian veritie:
Wherefore (as is my duty) I will pray
That *God* will bleſſe them all both night and day.

THE DREAME.

ON the one and twenti'th day,
Of the pleaſant moneth of *May*,
To a groue I did repare,
All alone to take the aire;
Sweete it was, and freſh, and greene,
Decked like a *Summer Queene*:
Where abiding priuately,
I did here fine melodie:
Philomel did chaunt and ſing,
Welcomming the cheerefull ſpring:
Euery bird did ſtraine her throate,
Warbling out her pretie note.
Walking there a little ſpace,
At laſt I went with nimble trace,
To a riuer ſomewhat neere,
That had water pure and cleere:
Fiſhes there did leape and play,
Swannes did ſing their roundelay.

So

So I ſet me downe to reſt,
In a place that lik't me beſt;
And beeing there a little while,
Slumber did mine eies beguile,
Till at laſt a ſleepe did take me,
That no noiſe till night could wake mee:
The place was ſure, and I was bold,
The aire was pure, not hot nor cold:
My pillowes were greene graſſe and flowers,
The willowes were my ſhadie bowres;
My little dogge did ſo attend mee,
That no creature could offend mee.
In this ſleepe (good Chriſtian people,)
I dreamed of a Church and ſteeple,
Which at firſt my thought was bare,
As many other ruines are,
Weather-beaten and much worne,
Rag'd, deformed, crackt, and torne,
Without battlement or grace,
Too too meane for ſuch a place:
For my thought this Church did ſtand,
In beſt citie of this land,

And for ſeate and eminence,
Had the cheife preheminence:
Wondrous great it was in ſight,
And of admirable height:
King and people might it ſee,
How it was in powertie:
And all ſtrangers well might ſay,
'Twere pittie it ſhould ſo decay,
Where Gods word is well regarded,
And his Preachers are rewarded.

In this dreame (though faſt I ſlept)
Yet (with teares) I truely wept,
And did pray that God would bleſſe,
Such as would this Church redreſſe.

After teares were ouer-paſt,
Ioy did viſite me at laſt,
For my thought this Church was mended,
And the ſteeple was befriended.

Faſhions many I did ſee,
Er'e any faſhion pleaſed me;
One as before (a ſeemely ſpire)
Which was burned downe with fire;

One like *Pulchres*, one like *Bowe*,
One like *Boſton* was I trowe;
One *Grantham*-like I did eſpie,
But his toppe ſtood not awry:
And many other I did ſee,
In this dreaming fantaſie;
But that which ſeemed to be beſt,
Followes after all the reſt,
Which if your pleaſure be to read,
You'l ſay it was the beſt indeede.
My thought the ſteeple was ta'ne downe,
Lower then the Churches crowne,
And ſuddenly was raiſ'd againe,
With good labour not in vaine:
Square it was as t'was before,
Twelue foote higher t'was and more;
Round the toppe a *battlement*,
Seemely, faire, and excellent;
Aboue that *battlement* full high,
Foure pinacles I did eſpie,
Hollow, and of ſtone ſo ſure,
That till doomes day would endure:

On the toppe of euery one,
Was a little ſpire of ſtone,
At the feete whereof there went,
A little pretty *battlement:*
Round about theſe *battlements*
Were fine *phanes* and *ornaments*,
By whoſe motion without ſtay,
Droue the crowes and kites away:
In each *phane* was guilt the *Coate*
Of *benefactors* of beſt note;
And in a place conuenient,
On th'inſide of each battlement,
A *poeſie* thus was ſet in gold,
As vnderneath you may behold;

All glorie be to God on hie,
And to this Church proſperitie.

Theſe pinacles foure *pictures* had,
Which to ſee did make me glad;
That which ſtood next to the Weſt,
Had his face towards the Eaſt;
Looking with maieſticke grace,
For to ſee his Sauiours face;

A *King* he was, a *Crowne* he wore,
God bleſſe him now and euermore:
For ſure as *London* hath a *Thames*,
It was the picture of *King Iames*:
His *Armes* were in the higheſt phane,
And then many noble man,
Had their *Armes* vnder *His*,
Round that *battlement* I wiſſe:
Like to *ſpangles* they did ſhow,
Vnto ſuch as were below;
And they that did to th'toppe reſort,
Might ſay it did belong to'th Court:
His *Kingly motto* there was plac'd,
Which the *Pinacle* moſt grac'd:
Euill come to illintenders,
Good to all true Faiths Defenders.

THEN I lookt to that i'th *Eaſt*, 2.
Where a *Biſhop* was at leaſt,
Oppoſite vnto the *King*,
Which to me much ioy did bring:
In one hand he had a *Booke*,

Wherein he ſeemed for to looke,
In a ſweete and reu'rend wiſe,
Well beſeeming ſuch a guiſe:
His other hand did touch *his* tongue,
And a *ſentence* thus he ſung;

To my Sauiour Ile be true,
And this Church ſhall haue her due.

On the toppe his *Scutchion* ſtood,
Which to ſee it did mee good;
Vnder that were all others,
Which by calling were his *brothers*:
This *Pinacle* did plainely ſhow
The *reu'rend Biſhops* did it owe,
And the *Clergie* with them ioynd,
Becauſe they would not be behind.

---

3 THEN I ſaw towards the North,
Another *pinacle* of worth;
Where was ſitting in a *chaire*,
One reſembling a *Lord Maior*;
The *Cittie Armes* were higheſt there,
Vnder that all *Citties* were:

A Shippe

A Shippe was carued there alſo,
As if ſhee on the *Sea* did goe:
Then a *motto* there was ſet,
Which the Citie grace did get:
Walworth killed rebell Straw,
Cauſe he ſpurn'd gainſt King and Law;
So by our truth and induſtrie,
God makes our Citie multiply:
Let rebels ſwagger how they will,
We will bee true and loyall ſtill.
This *pinacle* belongs to'th'Citie,
The *motto* is more true then wittie.

THEN to the South I turn'd mine eie, 4
And in that Pinacle did ſpie
A *Country-man* the plough to hold,
A comely Farmer ſomewhat old,
A *wheat-ſheafe* was his *Armes* I trowe;
And the reſt that ſtood belowe,
Were implements of husbandrie,
Set in the *phanes* moſt handſomely:
And his *motto* thus was fram'd,

As here vnderneath is nam'd.

Plaine I am as you may ſee,
Yet the Beſt growe rich by me.

TWIXT each *Pinacle* there was,
Pyramides that did ſurpaſſe,
For beautie and for ſeemely forme,
Strong enough for any ſtorme.
In the middle of each ſquare,
There they ſtood and placed were.
One had the picture of a *Queene*,
The faireſt that mine eyes haue ſeene,
Who ſurely as I'm honeſt man,
Seem'd to be our *Royall Anne*:
For it had ſuch *Maieſtie*,
Ioyn'd with *gentle clemencie*,
That certainely it was the ſame,
Which before I ſeem'd to name.
Her motto on the ſame was ſet,
Which I neuer ſhall forget:
Faire without, and grace within,
Are beauties fit for Church and Queene.
And the poeſie generall,

Which

Which I named firſt of all,
That was placed in degree,
As high as all the others be:
All glorie be to God on high, &c.

THE ſecond *Pyramides* had, 2
The picture of a *royall Lad*,
Which I imagin'd euer ſince,
Did reſemble *Charles* our Prince,
By each part of limme and feature,
He did ſeeme a *Kingly creature*;
Stout and bold, gentle, free,
And all that in good *princes* bee:
His motto now I will ſet forth,
Cauſe it was a thing of worth:
I ſcorne the feare of ſhedding blood,
For God, for Church, for Countries good;
But for all theſe Ile warre and fight,
As Kings and Princes ſhould by right:
I will helpe the poore oppreſſed,
And thoſe which truely are diſtreſſed.

3 THE third as faire as was the reſt,
With *Elizabeth* was bleſt,
Rhynes ſweete *Princeſſe, Brittaines ioy,*
Holding in her armes a Boy,
Whom (if Art doe not diſſemble)
Her firſt borne He did reſemble.
At which ſight I was amazd,
And with ioy on them I gazd,
Raviſhed with admiration
At this delectable faſhion,
Thinking if ſuch great delight,
Could be in the *pictures* ſight;
What would then the ſubſtance bee,
Vnto him that may them ſee:
I am ſure to me t'was Treaſure
For to ſee them in this meaſure.
Her motto now I will declare,
Kill me, if the ſame I ſpare:
In the Churches wealth and peace,
Good things proſper and increaſe:
But if ſhee wither and decay,
All Gods bleſſings fleete away.

IN

IN the fourth faire *Pyramide*, 4
Two other *Pictures* I eſpide,
One of *Denmarks royall King*,
Whoſe fame with vs ſhall euer ring,
And ſhall be linked in this knot,
Where *He* ſhall neuer be forgot:
Three *Queenes* in one is *His Siſter*,
Twice in *England* hath he kiſt *her*,
With ſuch great ioy on all parts,
As pleaſ'd ten hundred thouſand hearts.
His *motto* was as doth enſue,
Beleeue me it is very true;
I Chriſtian King of Denmarke, giue
My loue to Theſe, while I doe liue,
And will aſſiſt with power and ſword,
My kinred, friends, the Church, Gods word.

BY him was Prince *Palatine*,
Looking on *his Valentine*;
Each to other ſeem'd to glance,
With a cheerefull countenance,
In ſuch an amiable ſort,

As my ſoule did therein ſport;
This *Prince a Motto* did vnfolde:
Fit and worthie to be told:
Gods ſpouſe and mine I will maintaine,
So long as I do liue and raigne,
Turke, Pope, nor deuill, ſhall them fright,
Or do them hurt by day or night,
And in this Gordion knot will I
Bee knit in loue vntill I die.

THEN in the middle of the *ſquare*
Where all theſe braue pictures were,
There was raiſ'd (tenne foote higher)
A *curious* and a *coſtly ſpire:*
And at the top thereof a *Croſſe*
Of Siluer guilt and not of droſſe;
Then a gallant cocke to ſhowe,
Which way ſtill the wind did blow;
In this place good *Art* was tride,
How to make it ſure abide,
And accordingly t'was fram'd,
That no workman could be blam'd;

Not

Not too weightie nor too light,
Like *Cheape-croſſe* it was in ſight,
But the *pictures* there that ſtood,
Were of *Princes* that were good,
That this *Church* did er'ſt aduance,
And gaue it ſtore of maintenance.
And firſt the loweſt placed there,
Elizabeth and *Henry were*,
One of proofe one of hope,
Better *Princes Heauens cope*
Euer had or euer can,
Be better amongſt the ſonnes of man:
Then betwixt them I eſpide,
Two *Princeſſes* that lately di'd,
Which looked like thoſe of *King Iames*,
Gotten ſince *hee* dwelt by *Thames*.
And aboue in the next round,
Other *Princes* there I found,
Pictur'd all in their degree,
As by time now dead they bee:
There in letters of pure gold,
Their right names I did behold;

And I thinke in hollow braſſe,
Eu'ry *picture* ſhaped was.
This *ſpire* was hollow, and with lead
Round about t'was couered;
Fram'd with oken timber pure,
Such as euer will endure:
In that hollow was nought els,
But a ſcore of little bells,
Which the *Art* of wittie times
Made a delectable chymes:
Who being high, their prettie ſound
Might be heard the Cittie round.
In the midſt of th'upper loft,
A paire of wodden ſtayres were wrought,
And a doore at that ſtayres head,
Which did bring mee to the lead;
Where my thought I did behold,
All that I before haue told.
As about the leads I went,
And ſaw all things ſo excellent,
Looking ouer, I did ſee
The *Church* likewiſe as it ſhould be,

With

With new *battlements* about,
And walls mended throughout;
All the windowes where need was,
Were amended with pure glaſſe:
Not any thing that wanted there,
But was repaired eu'ry where,
Neuer did I ſee a thing,
Of more worth and reckoning,
Then this *viſion* which I
In my ſleepe did plaine eſpie.
Had I beene an *Architect*,
Dreaming of this faire proſpect,
Or with true tearmes could relate,
All the faſhion, forme, and ſtate,
Then might I ſay it taught mee more
Then any practiſe did before;
But many things of note and worth,
I am not able to ſet forth.
After long I had beheld
The outward beautie it did yeld,
Then I was vpon the pinne,
To ſee what *Grace* it had within;

Downe I went, (my thought in haſt,)
But my ſpeede did proue in waſt:
For (to mee) it's griefe to tell,
I was waked by a bell,
And my dogge beganne to bay,
At a frogge leapt croſſe my way;
By which meanes I did not ſee,
How the ſame within might bee;
And more worſe (to ende my theame)
It vexed mee t'was but a dreame;
Well I wiſht the Sexton hang'd,
And my dogge I ſoundly bang'd:
Yet to giue them both their right
T'was time to goe for it was night;
And I thinke my fooliſh curre
Knew t'was fit for me to ſtirre:
So away I runne in haſt,
And came ſafely home at laſt:
Where with pen I did record
All I dreamed word by word:
And I hope it's not amiſſe,
To place it where it placed is.

THVS you see (good people all)
What is done for *Londons Paul*,
If in ought my *Dreame* prooue true,
Let it be as 't pleaseth you:
Though I dreame I doe not teach,
That's a straine beyond my reach;
Since I learn'd my *Crosse-rowe* letters,
I left all teaching to my *betters*;
And leaue it will vnto my ende,
So good *Reader* be my friend.

The Booke to PAVLES.

ACcording as you doe command,
I will flie about the Land,
To Court, Clergie, Countrie, Citie,
For to find out Ladie Pitie:
If I finde Her *and returne me,*
Pray take order none may burne me:
Though I be but poore and plaine,
I may bring you store of gaine:
For this Ladie *doth not care,*
(In pious vses) what shee spare:

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But my ſpeede did proue in waſt:
For (to mee) it's griefe to tell,
I was waked by a bell,
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(In pious vſes) what ſhee ſpare:

To the Church shee is more free
Then thousands other Ladies bee.

The answer of PAVLES.

BOOKE I thanke thee for thy *loue*,
And doe pray to *God* aboue,
Thou maist finde this *Lady* out,
Where thou goest round about;
That thou maist returne againe,
With a labour not in vaine.
For thy burning take no care,
Thou wilt surely better fare;
I will keepe thee in record,
Till the comming of the Lord.
And thy Author here shall rest,
Whilst his soule with God is blest.

FINIS.